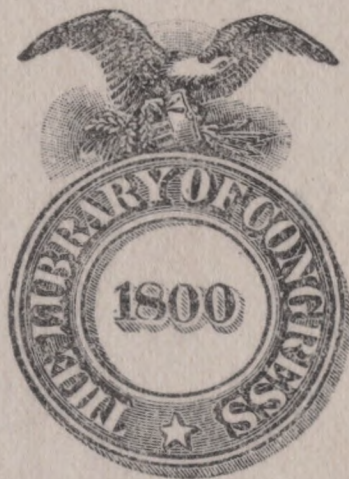


Little Indian



DAVID CORY

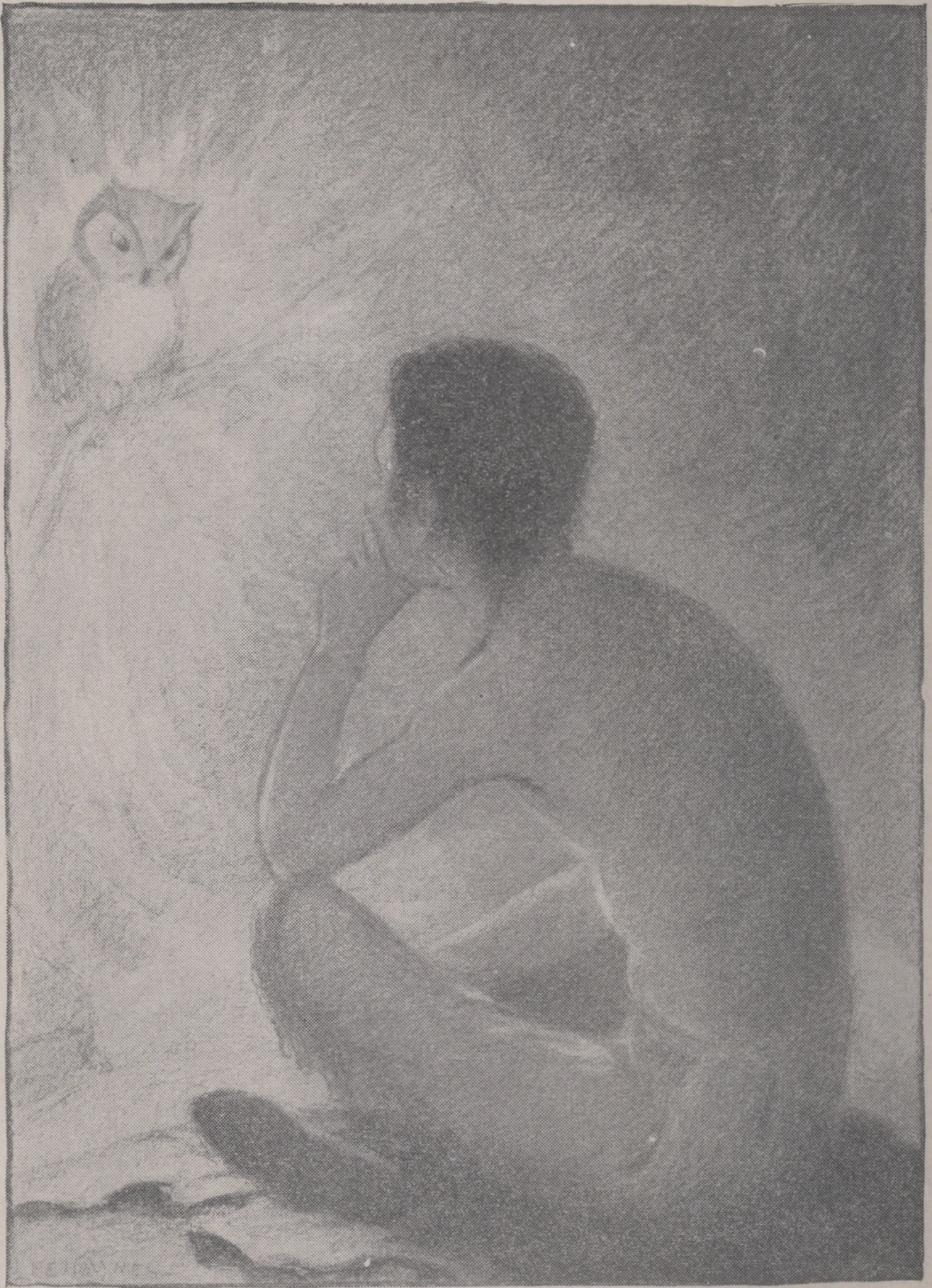


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The owl's eyes shone through the darkness with a
strange light. (Page 52)

LITTLE INDIAN

By
DAVID CORY

Little Indian Series

Volume One



Illustrated by
LEE HAYNES

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To
D. M. C.

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FOREWORD

THE INDIAN BOY

By

DR. JOSEPH KOSSUTH DIXON

Leader of the Rodman Wanamaker Historical Expeditions to the
North American Indian

There is a secure immortality and a depth of intuition in the utterance of Wordsworth, the peer of nature's poets, when from his pastoral reed he strikes the notes:

"The child is father of the man."

Nothing could be more insistently and persistently true of the Indian child—the girl to be the mother of warriors, the boy to become a hero and the father of future "braves."

It goes back, all of it, to a heredity born of three vital and vitalizing forces. The Indian holds with steadfastness and devotion to his many and weird ceremonies, but these all lead him back to the supreme, piloting force of his life, his unfailing faith in the Great Mystery.

The altar stairs to the spirit world are hills, buttressed by granite; trees that talk with the winds—whispers from the spirit world; the thunder of the waterfall—the voice of the Great Mystery; stars—the footprints of warriors treading the highways of the Happy Hunting Ground. In all of these he sees God.

Falling into communion with this happy philosophy of life, the glory of Indian motherhood crosses our

path—and there are few things more beautiful. When the day of expectation dawns upon her, she seeks the solitude of all the majesty in which from childhood she has seen the footprints of God—revels, communes, rehearses to herself the heroism of the greatest hero of her tribe, and all that the impress of it may be felt upon the master man, the miracle of whose life has been entrusted to her to work out.

For the first two full years of his life, a spiritual hand guides his steps. There, in struggle and patience and self-denial, he must learn all of nature's glad story.

His grandparents then take him into their school. He learns to ride before he can walk; he is taught the use of the bow and arrow, which means hitting the mark, keenness of vision, a steady aim, precision, so that when the crisis comes he is ready—an ample reason for the brave, effective and self-reliant conduct of the Indian soldier on the fields of France in the World War.

Deep breathing in the open air, giving full lung power; self-denial, giving strength of limb and endurance in the race; fellowship with all of nature's winsome and wild moods; a discerning will power; a steadfast reliance upon the guiding hand of the Great Spirit, empower the Indian boy to stand on all the high hills of history and challenge any militant force that may confront him.

The sphere is complete; Boy: Mother: God.

Joseph K. Dixon

LITTLE INDIAN

CHAPTER I

LITTLE INDIAN AND THE SPIDER

LITTLE INDIAN sat by the river watching the fish rise to the surface to catch the flies that darted hither and thither over the bright waters. A golden haze lay upon the earth. "Michabo is smoking his great pipe," said Little Indian to himself. "Ere he takes his winter sleep he fills his pipe and smokes, and the clouds that rise from his bowl fill the air with the haze of the Indian summer."

Close at hand Unktomi, the Spider, sat industriously spinning her web. Little Indian watched her for some time. Then he arose and laid his spear

at the foot of the tall stalk of meadow grass on which she sat.

“Teach me, O Unktomi, to make a net so that I may catch the fish that live in those bright waters.”

Unktomi stopped her spinning and, turning her little black eyes upon the Indian lad, answered:

“ ’Tis many moons since I taught the great god Michabo the art of knitting nets with which to catch the fish that live in the rivers and lakes. See you not the smoke from his pipe that fills the valleys with the haze of Indian summer?”

“Yes, O Unktomi, I see the haze, but I would learn the art of knitting a net; for I would be a great fisher as well as a mighty hunter.”

“Then go you to the marsh and bring me the tall grasses that grow in great

abundance, and I will show you how to make a net, O Little Indian.”

And from the swampy land along the river bank Little Indian gathered a supply of coarse, thick grasses, from which he fashioned a net under the direction of the spider. And when it was finished he cast it into the river and as soon as it grew heavy with the silver fish he drew it up upon the bank.

“Well have you learned the art of weaving,” said the spider, as she spun her slender web and hung it from the tips of the tall marsh grasses. “And well have you caught the fish with which to feed your tribe, O Little Indian.”

Swinging the net over his shoulder, he returned to the camp, and related how Unktomi, the Spider, had taught him the art of net-making.

CHAPTER II

HE GOES HUNTING

ALTHOUGH Little Indian was a mere boy he was very skillful with his bow and it was seldom when he went hunting that he did not return with a partridge or a wild turkey.

One warm afternoon after having brought down several birds he turned into the forest to rest a while from the hot sun. The trail led down a steep hill at the foot of which bubbled a sparkling spring. Making a cup out of his two hands, he soon quenched his thirst, and then from a little bag which was fastened to his belt he took cake made of Indian corn and a piece of dried venison. It tasted mighty good,

for Little Indian was very hungry as a healthy Indian boy should be.

Tate Wiyohpeyata, the West Wind, was singing softly through the tree tops, and presently Little Indian fell asleep. Suddenly he was awakened by a great noise overhead. A large hawk and an owl were engaged in a fierce struggle. The poor owl was getting much the worst of it, and Little Indian felt very sorry for him. It soon would have been all over for the brave little owl had not Little Indian quickly fitted an arrow to his bow. Taking careful aim he sent the arrow straight through the head of the cruel hawk, which fell dead at his feet. As he stooped to pick it up, the wounded owl fluttered to the ground.

“You have saved my life, O Little Indian,” cried Hinakaja, for that was the owl’s name. “One of my wings is

broken. Had you not come to my rescue I would have been killed.”

Little Indian was pleased, but so surprised. He knew that the birds talk to one another, and that the wind carries the messages of the Great Spirit to the Forest Folk, but this was the first time that one of them had spoken to him.

“It makes my heart glad, O Little Hinakaja, to have saved you from the cruel Cetan,” Little Indian replied. Then binding up the broken wing, he tenderly carried Hinakaja to the camp, knowing that if he left the wounded bird to care for himself he probably would be killed before morning by some enemy in the forest.

It took some time for the wounded wing to heal, but when at last it was strong enough to take the long flight back to the forest, Hinakaja said good-

by and flew away. Not however before he had told Little Indian that if at any time he needed help, Hinakaja would be the first to come to his aid.

“Farewell, O Little Indian,” cried Hinakaja, and rising from the Indian lad’s shoulder, he flew straight away for his nest in the big forest.

CHAPTER III

LITTLE INDIAN FINDS A FRIEND

EARLY one morning Little Indian started out for the lake where he kept his canoe. It was well up on the shore, but it took him only a moment to set it bobbing upon the sparkling water. Jumping in, he glided away, his wet paddle glistening in the sun as he swept it swiftly through the water.

Famahe, the Pickerel, hid behind the rushes as the little Indian lad beached his canoe on the opposite shore. But Little Indian did not notice him, for he wished to gather berries for his old grandmother. When the osier basket was filled he shoved his canoe into the water and paddled homeward. But as

he neared the beach, to his dismay he saw Inmutanka, the Lynx, lying in wait for him. There was nothing for the little Indian boy to do but turn his canoe about, for he had left his bow and arrows on shore close to the very spot where the wily Inmutanka now lay in wait for him.

“What troubles you, O Little Indian?” asked a voice, and the next moment Hinakaja settled on the bow of the canoe.

“Oh, wise Hinakaja, Inmutanka will not let me land. My bow and arrows rest upon the beach. Without them I am altogether helpless,” answered Little Indian.

“Patience, my red-skinned brother,” answered Hinakaja, and away he flew. In a short time he returned with the bow in his bill. Dropping it in the canoe, he again flew back to the shore

for the arrows, which he brought one by one to the little Indian lad.

Then with his trusty bow once more in his possession, Little Indian paddled for the shore. Meanwhile Inmutanka stealthily crept along the shore, his eyes fixed upon the canoe. Nearer and nearer came Little Indian, the expectant beast crouching ready to spring upon him.

Closer came the canoe until Little Indian could see the gleaming eyes of the cruel Inmutanka. Closer still—and then the paddle was quietly laid aside and the trusty bow, fitted with the sharpest arrow, was raised gently above the edge of the canoe. Up a little more, until Little Indian's eye, glancing along the slender shaft, saw the white spot just over the heart of the hungry animal. Whiz, pink! and Inmutanka rolled over and, after a quiver, lay perfectly still.

“I know not what I would have done, O wise Hinakaja, had you not brought me my weapon!” exclaimed Little Indian joyfully.

“Say no more,” replied the owl. “Did you not slay my enemy Cetan, the Hawk?”

Then the little Indian lad lifted the dead lynx upon his shoulder and set out for his camp.

“His pelt will make me a coat for winter,” said Little Indian. “But had it not been for you I should still be on the lake!”

CHAPTER IV

LITTLE INDIAN AND THE LYNX

LITTLE INDIAN often lay awake at night listening to the coyotes howling out on the prairie. Sometimes when the cries were close to the camp he would sit up and peer out of his wigwam. But he wasn't afraid for his trusty bow lay near him and if the coyote came near enough, Little Indian felt sure he could shoot him from where he lay. At any rate, Mica, the Coyote, is a great coward, and Little Indian wasn't afraid of him.

One night he had just fallen asleep when he was awakened suddenly by a great noise in the camp. A shrill, piercing neigh plainly told him that some wild beast was attacking the herd

of ponies owned by his father. Rushing from his wigwam with his bow and arrow ready, he saw in the bright moonlight a lynx on the back of one of the little mustangs. The poor creature was doing its best to shake off the ferocious beast, which was tearing its back with its teeth and claws.

Little Indian drew his bow and sent an arrow straight into the wild animal. With a yell of rage it loosened its hold and turned upon him, just missing him as he jumped to one side. With quick aim he planted another arrow just behind the shoulder blade and the furious animal sank to the ground mortally wounded. In a few minutes it was dead and Little Indian was delighted to see that its skin was beautifully marked. No doubt it was the mate of the lynx which he had recently killed on the shore of the lake.

By this time the camp was astir and the frightened ponies were being herded together. The wounded mustang was first carefully attended by Little Indian, who dressed its wounds with healing ointment. The little animal gratefully rubbed his nose against his arm as if trying to thank him for having saved him from the hungry beast, and Little Indian whispered in his ear that Inmutanka, the Lynx, would never harm him again.

By this time the sun was rising above the shadowy hilltop, and Little Indian knew it was useless to go back to his wigwam at this hour of the morning, so he waited for his grandmother to light the fire under the big black kettle and cook the breakfast. In a short time she came out of her tepee and by the time breakfast was ready Little Indian had a tremendous appetite. And so would

any boy who had been up half the night and fought a fierce lynx to save his favorite pony.

“You are a good lad,” said his grandmother as Little Indian finished eating. “Tonight after the Great Sun has gone down behind the hilltop I will tell you a story.”

This was good news, for his grandmother knew many wonderful stories about the Blackfeet and the Chippeways as well as legends of other tribes, for she was very old and had once been held captive by the Algonquins, a tribe which had always been hostile to them.

CHAPTER V

HE MAKES A CANOE

IT took Little Indian some time to remove the hide of the lynx, but how proud he felt when at last he held up the beautiful pelt, for it certainly is no easy thing to kill so ferocious an animal.

Then taking his bow and quiver of arrows, the little Indian lad set out for the lake, near which in the silent forest Hinakaja, the Owl, had his nest.

When Little Indian reached the edge of the beautiful sheet of water he found Tondontanka, the Bullfrog, sitting on a lily-pad, Tatawamduska, the Dragonfly, skimming over the water, and Hoka, the Heron, wading in the shallow places.

They had heard from Hinakaja how Little Indian had saved his pony from Inmutanka, the Lynx.

“How fares our red-skinned brother?” asked Tondontanka. “Know you that Unktahe, the Water God, has taken your canoe?”

When Little Indian heard this he was dismayed. For what reason had the Water God taken away his canoe?

“Build another, O Little Indian,” cried Wajioji, the Wood Thrush.

“I will do as you say,” answered the little Indian lad, “but I must return first to my camp for tools before setting out to find a suitable tree.”

When he reached his wigwam he gathered together a number of fish hooks which he had made from pieces of bone, carving them out with a beaver’s tooth set in a stick.

His wooden sword, which he had

fashioned into shape and given a sharp edge by scraping with stones and shells, he took next; and last of all he stuck a deer's horn into a stick for a sort of pickaxe. Then with his bow and quiver of arrows slung across his back, he set out for the silent forest to find a suitable tree from which to make his canoe. At last he found one close to a stream which emptied into the lake.

He then set to work to make a fire around the base of the tree, and kept it burning all through the night. Toward morning, Tate Wiyohiyanpa, the East Wind, who brings the dawn to the earth and chases away the darkness with his silver arrows, whispered in Little Indian's ear.

“Arise, O Little Indian; the great tree is about to fall!”

Yes, it was the voice of the East Wind, and Little Indian, looking up at

the great tree, saw that invisible hands were slowly pushing it to one side. High up the branches rustled as Tate Wiyohiyanpa pressed irresistibly against them until, with a thundering crash, it lay upon the ground.

Then building another fire, Little Indian burned off a log of suitable length, and collecting a quantity of gum from the pine trees, made little fires on top of the log. When the wood was charred for an inch or more in depth, he scraped away the charcoal and rebuilt the fires. At last the log was hollowed out and after making a paddle Little Indian was ready to launch his canoe.

CHAPTER VI

LITTLE INDIAN IN DANGER

A GAIN Tate Wiyohiyanpa, the East Wind called to Little Indian. The Wind God's cheeks were crimson with the sunrise and his voice rang through the Great Forest, waking the deer and the birds.

The Indian boy sprang lightly from his bed of dry leaves and after a dip in the stream prepared his breakfast. Then, gathering up his weapons and stores, he placed them in the canoe and pushed it down the soft bank into the river. It floated on an even keel and he was filled with joy to think that he himself had made it.

Suddenly he noticed a footprint in the

soft earth. It was too large to have been made by his own foot, and for a moment he was undecided what to do. Drawing the canoe up on the shore, he climbed a high pine tree, from the top of which he saw a number of Indians on the other side of the river, just beyond a narrow stretch of trees bordering an open level space.

Sliding down to the ground, he hurried back to his canoe, and pushing off from the shore, seized his paddle and rowed quickly down the stream. All went well for some time, and Little Indian was about to thank the Great Spirit for having escaped unnoticed when a shrill war-whoop caused him to look over his shoulder. For a moment his heart sank as he saw the Indians launch their canoes. But calling on Wakantanka, the Great Spirit, to help him, he bent to his paddle, sending his

canoe shooting through the water.

In the distance was an island around which the river ran in two streams, and Little Indian knew that if he could reach the island before his pursuers turned the bend in the river, they would be unable to tell which side he had taken. Redoubling his efforts, he reached the island just in time. Looking back between the rushes that grew close to the water's edge, he saw the hostile canoe just rounding the bend. On it came towards the island. What if it should take the stream to the right? Little Indian shuddered, for he certainly would be discovered. It was only a chance that they would take the course to the left. For a few minutes he waited anxiously. Then his heart almost stopped beating. They had turned the canoe and were coming his way. There was no use to paddle fur-

ther, for they would only overtake him. Little Indian picked up his bow. He meant to die like a warrior at any rate.

Suddenly he heard a voice and looking up beheld the Great Beaver, white with the snows of many winters. "Indian, enter my lodge."

Without a moment's hesitation Little Indian silently followed the Great Beaver into his dwelling.

CHAPTER VII

GREAT BEAVER IS HIS HOST

LITTLE INDIAN had often heard of the Great Beaver, and how he had taught Akaiyan, the founder of the Beaver medicine, the secret of the healing art, the use of tobacco and the dances, songs, and prayers belonging to the great mystery of medicine. So Little Indian was not surprised, but only thankful.

Silently he followed the Great Beaver, whose hair was as white as the driven snow. He could hear the cries of the hostile Indians as they discovered his canoe but could find no trace of him. Little Indian knew he was safe, however, for the Great Beaver was a powerful animal and

held in great reverence by the Indians.

The wife and family of the Great Beaver received Little Indian very cordially and asked him to spend the night with them.

Presently a little beaver returned and said that the Indians had gone, taking with them Little Indian's canoe. At this Little Indian looked very sorrowful, but great was his delight when Great Beaver said that he would gladly give him a canoe.

The next morning Little Indian departed, after thanking his kind protector for his hospitality. The canoe was made from birch bark and beautifully decorated. Indeed, it seemed a lucky thing, after all, that he had met the Great Beaver. But more important than all, however, the real meaning of which Little Indian did not guess, was that because he had been

kind to the little owl, every animal in the Great Forest was a friend in need as well as in name.

In the canoe was a splendid bow, a quiver full of arrows and a war-club of which any chief might be proud.

“Farewell, Little Indian!” cried the Great Beaver. “Be brave and all will go well!”

Little Indian waved his glistening paddle and then floated down the stream to the lake near his father's tribe. Late in the afternoon he decided to beach his canoe and camp for the night. He had eaten nothing since leaving the Great Beaver's lodge and was hungry as well as weary with his long journey. Once on land he quickly set about making a fire. Everywhere wild berries grew in abundance, but to a hungry Indian boy they seemed but poor sort of food.

“Meat I must have,” he muttered to himself, and striking off into the forest he presently shot a rabbit. In a short time it was broiling over the glowing coals and Little Indian had a good dinner before he lay down in his blanket beside the fire.

CHAPTER VIII

LITTLE INDIAN RECEIVES MANY GIFTS

ALL the next day Little Indian paddled his canoe and toward night entered the lake on the other shore of which lay his father's camp. It was growing rapidly dark, and as the little Indian boy was weary with the day's paddling he concluded to build a fire and camp for the night. When he awoke he was indeed surprised, for he was no longer by his own campfire on the shore of the lake, but in a strange lodge. Many people were present, some singing, some dancing, while others sat around the walls dressed in skins of various animals or birds. They were really animals but in

order not to frighten the little Indian boy, had changed themselves into human shapes. Then the chief stood up and said:

“Little Indian, we have heard many things concerning you, and they are good. These people represent the animals who desire to do you a kindness, for you have been brave and true. I am the Dog. I have much power, for the Great Spirit is fond of dogs. My spirit shall always protect you. Take this dance home to your people and they shall always be lucky in war.” Then turning to the other animals, he cried, “Brothers, see, I have given this little Indian lad my power; will you not give him yours?”

Then the Owl arose, and Little Indian recognized his friend, Hinakaja. “I have power to see in the dark,” he said. “Fasten these feathers in your

hair and you shall have the power to see in the darkness.”

After a pause Tatanka, the Buffalo Bull, stood up. “I give you strength to trample your enemies under foot; also I give you great endurance,” and he handed Little Indian a shoulder belt of tanned buffalo hide to wear on the warpath.

Next Pahin, the Porcupine, arose and presented him with quills. “Wear these and your enemies shall flee before you like weak women.”

Then Huya, the Eagle, flew over and gave him feathers. “Great prowess shall be yours in war,” he cried majestically.

Pehan, the Whooping Crane, also gave Little Indian a present—a bone from a wing which was fashioned into a war-whistle to frighten his enemies.

Tamdoska, the Deer, gave him swift-



A large hawk and an owl were engaged in a fierce struggle. (Page 13)

ness, with a rattle as a token, and Mato, the Bear, a strip of fur for his belt as a sign of hardiness.

Then the little Indian boy returned to the lake and paddled his canoe to the opposite shore, where he drew it out and set out for his own camp. It all was like a dream, it seemed so long since he had left to build his canoe, and yet it was not so long, after all. But he had grown old in wisdom for the Great Spirit had been watching over him, and the Forest People had given him of their gifts, so that wisdom and strength, courage and endurance were now his to do with as he might choose.

CHAPTER IX

ALL THE CAMP REJOICES OVER LITTLE INDIAN

GREAT was the rejoicing in the camp upon the return of Little Indian. His father, Big Chief, was proud of his boy. For had he not brought him up to be strong and hardy? When he was but three years old Big Chief would come to the wigwam and shout, "Lazy bones, where are you hiding?" drag him out of his blanket and carry him off for a plunge bath, with all the men of the tribe, through a shivery hole in the ice. Even when he was but five he could shoot his ashwood bow and sit a horse like a grown-up man. He knew the different animals both by sound and by sight. He knew

the long and dismal howl of the wolves in the silent night and the yelp of the little coyotes, and the buffalo's wild bellow, and the splash of the beavers playing along by the lake shore. Now his son was a man, so Big Chief felt, as he followed Little Indian down to the shore and gazed long and silently at the beautiful canoe which the Great Beaver had presented to him.

Then Little Indian returned to the village and all the warriors gathered about him to learn the Young Dog Dance, which the Dog had shown him and which was to make them skillful in war. And he also showed them all the articles which the animals had given him—the owl feathers for wisdom and the eagle feathers for prowess in war, the wonderful shoulder belt made of tanned buffalo hide, which Tatanka, the Buffalo Bull, had given him as a token

for strength and endurance. He blew on the bone whistle which the Whooping Crane gave him, and it made so loud a noise that the treetops trembled. He shook the rattle, the gift of the Deer, as a token for swiftness, and he let the admiring braves stroke the strip of fur which he wore as a belt, the token of hardiness from the Bear.

Great indeed was the rejoicing, and Little Indian's mother, Blue Water, folded him to her breast, for she had been weary watching for his home-coming. And his old grandmother patted his head proudly, for had she not always known that he would grow up to be a great warrior, like her son, Big Chief?

Then all the squaws set about building a wigwam for Little Indian. There was much singing and dancing, and

finally when all the skins were sewn together and the pole set up and fastened securely, Little Indian had a wigwam all to himself.

Inside he hung up his bow and quiver of arrows, and his tokens he carefully put away for such times as he might need them. And after the evening meal he sat with the braves and told them that he had built his own canoe which the hostile Indians had stolen, and that he had received as a gift a canoe from the Great Beaver, white with the snows of many winters. When he had finished, Hanyetuwi, the moon, was high in the heavens. Silently the braves slipped into their wigwams and Little Indian fell asleep to dream of his friends, the animals.

CHAPTER X

THE COVETED PRIZE

THE next morning as Little Indian gazed over the broad prairie, a wonderful sight met his eyes. The plain was covered with buffaloes. Wherever he looked he saw them grazing in small, scattered companies. He had for a long time been anxious to have a war shield. But first, according to the Indian law, he must make it himself or it will not protect him. He must kill with his own hands the buffalo bull from the skin of which the shield is to be made. He must himself take off the hide, which should be thick, after having slain the animal with an arrow only. Little Indian had plenty of arrows and a good bow for his father

had given him one at an early age, and Little Indian knew well how to use it.

As Anpetuwi, the great sun, shone down from the heavens and lighted up the vast prairie with its golden light, it shone particularly, so Little Indian thought, on one great buffalo. Little Indian made up his mind that from him he would secure the hide with which to make his war shield. It took him but a few moments to jump upon his pony and be off on the hunt.

At no great distance from the nearest herd was a clump of bushes. It would be difficult to reach this point unnoticed by the buffaloes, but Little Indian knew a very good trick. Hanging low down on the opposite side of his pony, he quietly rode forward, the herd paying no attention to him, thinking it was only a stray pony walking over the prairie. When he finally

reached the clump of bushes, the great, shaggy-headed bulls and the handsome, sleek-coated cows with their awkward, long-legged calves continued to graze unsuspectingly on the tender grass of the prairie, while hovering near the herd, but always at a safe distance numerous coyotes waited for a chance to spring upon the helpless calves.

The buffalo bull which Little Indian had picked out was a cream-colored yearling. This color was most highly prized and there were only two buffalo robes of this color in the tribe. He knew that just the pelt of this animal would bring him fame. There was a deep gully near at hand into which Little Indian quietly guided his pony, and presently, to his delight, he saw the cream-colored buffalo approaching over the ridge of the embankment.

Then with a stinging blow on the

flank of his mustang, he gave chase. His appearance instantly set the herd in an uproar. Off they went at a tremendous pace. Urged on by Little Indian's voice, his mustang soon overtook the herd. A wild-eyed bull turned to offer him battle, but he drove an arrow through its heart and raced on in pursuit. Another leap and his pony was close to the prize. Taking careful aim, he laid the cream-colored buffalo low amid the dust of the prairie. The coveted buffalo robe was now his and the hide for his war shield. Lucky Little Indian!

CHAPTER XI

LITTLE INDIAN SECURES HIS WAR SHIELD

WHEN Little Indian proudly brought home the pelt of the cream-colored buffalo there was much rejoicing. Big Chief and Blue Water, his mother, were proud of their son. But his grandmother said nothing, for she knew that Little Indian was to be a great warrior some day, and therefore why make much of a deed such as this? He would do this himself at the council fire that night, for he was entitled by his daring deed to recite his adventures at that time.

The next day Little Indian made ready for the smoking of his shield. He must prepare the hide and from it make his war shield. Early in the

morning he dug a hole in the ground and, after kindling a fire, he stretched above it the part of the buffalo hide which he intended to make into the shield by driving a number of pins through it into the ground. Then he spread the glue taken from the buffalo's hoofs over the hide to give it hardness and stiffness.

This was considered a great ceremony, and all the warriors were present in full dress and paint, with their shields on their arms. They danced around the roasting shield, brandishing their war clubs. As each passed he held over it his tomahawk and shield, chanting a song and invoking the "fire spirit" to give it strength and hardness to protect the young warrior who was to bear it in the future.

They chanted the story of Little Indian's visit to the lodge of the Great

Beaver; how all the animals had given him tokens, and how he had brought back the wonderful Dog Dance that was to make the tribe famous and invincible in war.

If Little Indian had been just an ordinary white boy, it is most likely that he would have grown vain with all this admiration, but he was not, as you well know. He was an Indian boy, who had been taught from early youth to see much and talk little; to admire bravery in others and to strive for it himself; to keep his body strong and agile and his head free from idle thoughts.

And, moreover, this was a very serious and important time for him; it was the beginning of his career as a young warrior, and the ceremony and dances meant much to him. It was an invocation to the Great Spirit to bestow upon him the strength and

endurance that every young Indian coveted. It was the custom of his tribe, and to listen to the great warriors who had followed his father into many a battle, who had themselves brought home their own buffalo hides for their war shields, gave him only a strong desire to do greater deeds.

As the fire burned out and the buffalo hide reached the proper stage of perfection, it was taken off and stretched over its frame. This done, Little Indian could go to war, but not until he had taken a scalp would he be considered a warrior.

CHAPTER XII

LITTLE INDIAN AND THE RED-WINGED GOOSE

LITTLE INDIAN was worried for there had been no rain in a long while. The green prairies were turning brown and the leaves of the trees were withered and gray. The streams were drying up, and the river bed could be seen in many places. There was a shortage of food, for the deer and other game had wandered away in search of new feeding places.

One night as he lay sleeping in his tepee, he was awakened by a low "Too-woo-o-o!" Looking up he saw Hina-kaja, the Owl, perched upon the leather thong of his bow which hung in a corner of his wigwam. The owl's eyes shone through the darkness with a

strange light. Brighter and brighter they became until the interior of the tepee became almost as light as day. Little Indian lifted himself on his elbow and rubbed his eyes. Hinakaja nodded gravely to him, and hopping down to the floor, turned his eyes toward the opening in the wigwam, nodded again, hooted in a low tone, and fluttered across the floor. Then turning as he hopped through the small space between the door covering and the wall of the wigwam, he nodded again and went outside.

Little Indian picked up his bow and quiver of arrows, and slipping his knife in his belt, followed him. The moon was shining brightly on the gray leaves of the trees and the distant forest looked like a black cloud just dropped upon the earth. Being an Indian boy, he asked no questions, but followed his

feathered guide, who after several short flights into the forest, paused at the foot of a dead tree and said:

“Little Indian, if you would save your tribe from famine, I will tell you how it may be done.”

“Tell me,” replied Little Indian, “for we are sore pressed for food.”

“Listen, Little Indian,” said the owl. “There is a red-winged goose, followed by six goslings, which has roamed the forest these many moons. ’Tis she who burns up the maize and dries the laughing waters, and puts fear into the heart of the wild animal. Will you undertake to catch the goose and remove the evil spell?”

“Willingly!” cried Little Indian.

“Then listen,” replied the owl. “But first of all, I will tell you that it is a most difficult thing.”

Still Little Indian asked no ques-

tions, for an Indian boy is taught to bridle his tongue.

“Listen, then,” continued the owl. “If you would catch the goose, you must first catch the goslings, and not by two or three, or by traps or snares but always the nearest one first, which is ever the last, seeing that they follow her in line, unbroken and unwavering.”

Little Indian held his breath. His heart leaped with desire to attempt the deed. “Tell me, O wise Hinakaja, when to commence.”

“Tomorrow night wait in this spot for the coming of the red-winged goose,” replied the owl, and flew away.

CHAPTER XIII

LITTLE INDIAN BEGINS THE CHASE

THE next night Little Indian crept softly from his tent.

Throwing his bow and quiver across his back, he set out for the dead tree in the forest, where Hinakaja had told him to wait for the red-winged goose. Little Indian knew the forest paths so well that a short half hour brought him to the open glade wherein stood the dead tree, tall and gaunt like a specter. He knelt down and bathed his face in the tiny spring which slept in the grass near at hand, offering up a prayer to the Great Spirit to guide him in his undertaking. Overhead the dark blue sky seemed to be higher than ever, and he felt very much

alone. Still he was not afraid but waited patiently for the moon to rise. He gazed upward into the quiet depths of the air so long that he fell fast asleep.

From his dreams he was awakened by a loud hiss, and starting to his feet he saw that the moon shone like day on a goose with brilliant crimson wings, followed by six snow-like goslings. Had he waited to rub his eyes, they would have disappeared from sight. In an instant he darted after them. On and on he ran. The roots of the trees seemed to lay hold on his moccasins, and the low brambles to twine their thorny fingers about his leggins. The great trunks seemed almost to move in his very path as if to impede his progress. But Little Indian had a stout heart, and although he stumbled and fell, he scrambled up as best he might

and pursued the goslings over hill and valley, far beyond the forest.

Skirting its borders, but ever keeping in sight the red-winged goose and her flock, he finally found himself at dawn near the lodge of the Great Beaver. As he followed swiftly down the hillside, slippery with dry grass, he fell close to the edge of the river. Fatigue and discouragement had almost overcome him, but as he raised his head slowly from the ground, lo, there on the edge of the bank rested the goose and her brood, well nigh as tired as he.

Quickly fitting an arrow to his bow, he aimed at the nearest gosling and let fly the arrow. Away sailed the goose and her brood, leaving the gosling dead upon the ground. Little Indian grasped the snowy neck with eager fingers, and twisting a little leather

thong around it, bound his trophy to his belt.

Suddenly he heard a voice at his side, and turning he saw the Great Beaver. "Welcome, Indian! 'Tis many moons since last we met."

"Oh, Great Beaver," replied Little Indian, "see the trophy which I have but this moment secured! The Great Spirit has indeed helped me."

"Because you have observed the laws and customs of your tribe, O Indian," answered the Beaver. "Come, rest within my lodge until tonight, when you may once more pursue the red-winged goose and her brood."

CHAPTER XIV

THE SECOND GOSLING

YOU have traveled far," the Great Beaver said to Little Indian as he led him into his lodge.

"I trust the Great Spirit will help me tonight to catch yet another gosling. Then will the famine disappear," replied the little Indian boy.

"Yes, Maga, the Goose, is evil and her brood will be as evil. The river is dry on the farther side of my island, and the fish have sought deeper waters. May you catch another gosling and yet another until there be no more."

The remainder of the day Little Indian spent in sleep for he was weary and footsore. It had been a hard jour-

ney and for an older Indian would have been no easy task.

Toward sundown the Great Beaver awoke the little Indian lad and, giving him some nourishing food, directed him by a shorter journey through the forest.

In a short time Little Indian reached the dead tree in the clearing, where he sat himself down again to await the coming of the red-winged goose and her brood of snow-white goslings.

Many clouds were in the sky, and dark and rustling grew the forest, full of sighs and whispers and moaning winds. The little Indian boy's heart shivered and his flesh crept, for the spirit voices of the depths were talking to one another! The moon was hidden by the clouds and in this black darkness how was he to see the birds?

Suddenly the whir of wings drowned the gloomy whisperings of the forest.

The red-winged goose flew by like a flaming torch, followed by her brood of snow-white goslings, their plumage gleaming even in the darkness like a flash of lightning.

Little Indian forgot his terror and springing to his feet, set off in pursuit. This time the birds took a new track, deep into the heart of the forest. Sorely tried indeed was the strength and courage of the little Indian boy as hours went by and the pursuit still held on. Sometimes he would all but lose sight of the last gosling and a great fear would come into his heart lest he fail in his attempt. His feet were bruised and bleeding and his face and hands torn by brambles and sharp branches. But his courage never failed him, and on he went, ever keeping in sight the swiftly flying birds.

As day dawned and Tate Wiyohi-

yanpa, the East Wind, drove the shadows before him, Little Indian came out of the forest into a gray and dismal swamp, through which ran a stream amid tufts of coarse grass. On one of these the birds lighted to drink, and creeping up softly he managed to kill the nearest gosling. As it fell, pierced with the arrow from Little Indian's bow, the goose and the remaining brood whirled away. So weary was he that after picking up the gosling he crept back to the forest and fell asleep until late in the afternoon.

CHAPTER XV

HINAKAJA HELPS LITTLE INDIAN

THE shadows were creeping through the forest when Little Indian awoke from his sleep. Two of the goslings were now his, but there were yet four more to be taken. Still Little Indian did not despair, but quickly cooking his evening meal set out for the tree in the clearing. He arrived some time before the late moon-rise and sat down to wait.

High overhead the Milky Way, the Pathway of the Ghosts, shone in the still heavens. Soon clouds began to gather; gusts of wind bent the forest; afar the wild yell of the witch-owl smote Little Indian's heart with terror. A sob of fright nearly escaped his lips,

when to his relief his friend Hinakaja, the little owl, fluttered close to him and whispered: "Courage, Little Indian!"

Suddenly a dull red light gleamed in the north and spread along the clouds. The four remaining goslings streamed out behind the red-winged goose like a white tail to a crimson kite. On, on they flew, and Little Indian followed, though his head whirled and his heart beat as if it would break. At last the birds circled past a thick cedar whose boughs swept the ground, and the last gosling, swerving a little from the line, flew headlong into the thickest branches and before it could flutter itself free was safely clutched in Little Indian's two hands.

"Well caught!" cried Hinakaja. "Come, I will lead you to a quiet spot where you rest for tonight's labors."

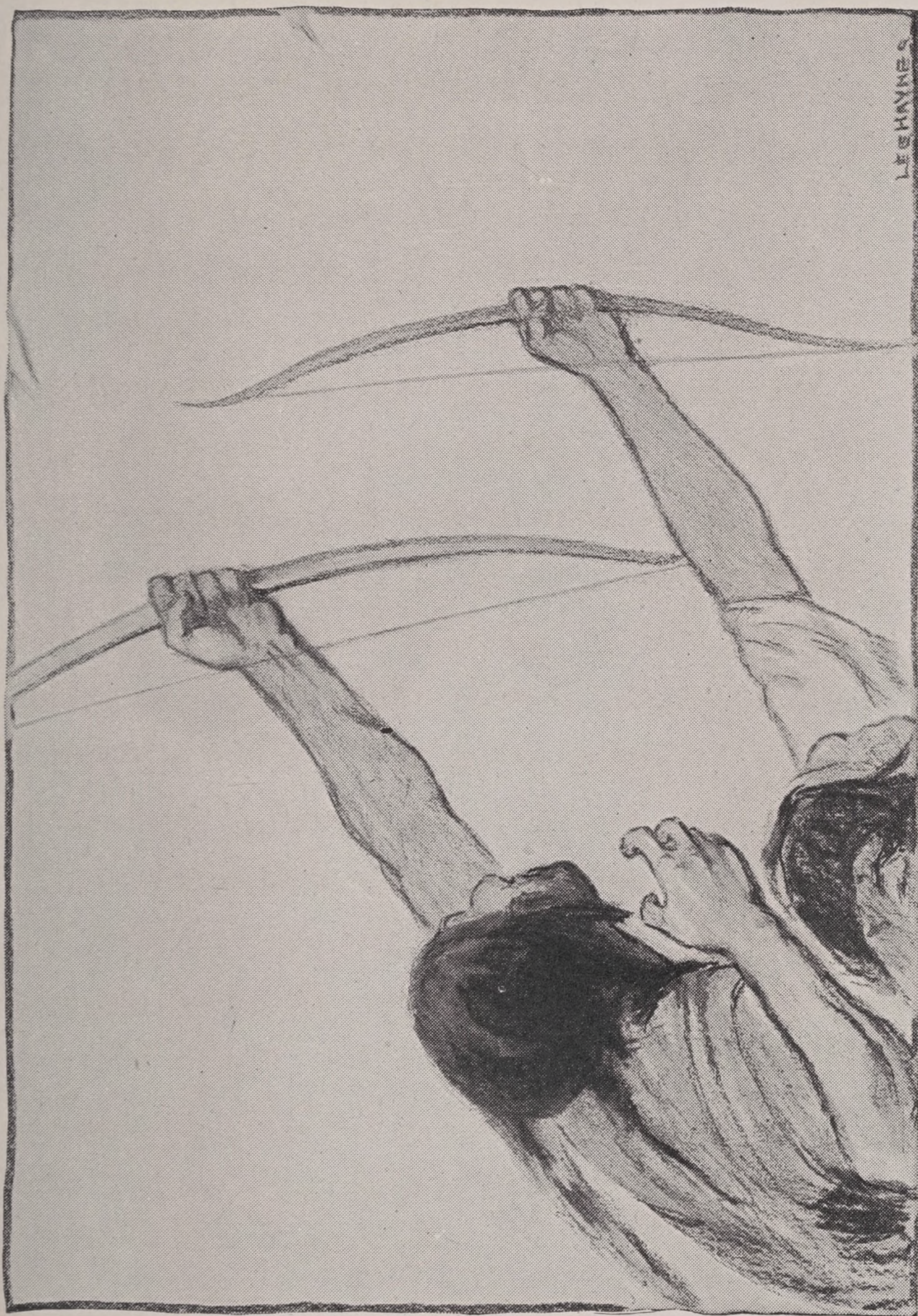
Little Indian followed his feathered

friend silently to a great tree, where he sat down and ate some dried deer meat and corn cake. After this he made a bed of dry leaves and it was not until sundown that he awoke, so weary was he after his long chase. Indeed he might have slept on through the night had it not been for his faithful friend, the owl.

“Awake, Little Indian!” cried Hinakaja. “For you must journey back to the dead tree in the clearing. Otherwise you may miss the red-winged goose and her goslings.”

Little Indian sat up and rubbed his eyes. “I am ready,” he said simply and followed the owl.

“Three goslings have you caught, O Little Indian,” cried the owl, “and three more yet remain. Keep up a brave heart, for courage and endeavor will bring them to your hands.”



He could shoot his bow like a grown-up man.

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“And will the famine surely disappear when I slay the last one? Or must I also slay the red-winged goose?”

“Patience, Little Indian,” replied the owl, “and you will have the answer in due time.”

CHAPTER XVI

THE CHASE IS HALTED

ONCE more Little Indian stood by the dead tree and waited for the red-winged goose and her goslings. Not a breath stirred and the leaves on the trees hung in motionless festoons. The gurgle of the little spring in the grass near by was the only sound he heard, for it was a strangely silent night. Little Indian was more in awe of the great silence than the howl of the wolf or the cry of the witch owl; the stillness seemed to forebode evil. But as nothing further disturbed the dusky stillness, he waited patiently for the coming of the red-winged goose.

Suddenly the whir of wings broke in upon the solitude. Starting to his feet,

he commenced the chase. Through bramble and thicket, across hill and valley he pursued the red-winged goose and her brood. Weary in limb, with his feet bruised and bleeding, he kept bravely on, now and again losing sight of his quarry, but regaining it as often, until at last the birds lighted at the foot of a round, high hill. Out on one side of the great mound ran a pure bubbling spring over whose waters hung an old oak tree. At its foot stood an upright stone, half shielding an opening in the earth. Little Indian stole carefully up behind them, sure at last of success. They stood quite still, eagerly drinking, all unaware of Little Indian's presence.

Careless of the owl's directions and anxious for the prey, he determined this time to catch two instead of one. Stretching out his left hand toward the nearest, he grasped with his right at an-

other, but, alas! that he had disobeyed Hinakaja's instructions to catch one, and only one at a time. So sure of the nearest was he that in trying to first seize the other he fell full length in the soft mud surrounding the little pool of water. The red-winged goose and her goslings taking fright, flew off and were out of sight before Little Indian, his face covered with mud, could pick himself up.

Bitterly disappointed over his failure, he sat down on the stone hungry and tired and, above all, conscious that his failure was his own fault.

He knew not where to look for aid. In the midst of his distress he heard a low growl, and, looking up, saw the Great Bear who had given him the strip of fur for his belt as a sign of hardiness.

“Behold, Little Indian, the cost of disobedience! Four nights must now

pass before you can resume the chase. This delay is punishment for your disobedience. On the fifth the red-winged goose and her brood will venture out. And the bird that is frightened is swift of flight thereafter. Still I counsel you to resume the chase.”

Little Indian sorrowfully made his way back to the camp, and for four nights tossed wearily in his wigwam. In vain the moon shone through the opening; in vain the night wind whispered through the treetops; he dared not disobey the Great Bear's instructions. He must wait with all the patience of his Indian nature until the fifth night. At length it arrived, and long before the moon rose he leaned against the dead tree in the forest clearing.

“All will be well,” said Hinakaja, the Owl, “for he who is truly sorry and

determined to err no more is stronger for the failure. See that you are swift of foot and stout of heart, for the red-winged goose and her brood will fly faster than before.”

“Never fear,” said the little Indian boy quietly. “I have learned my lesson and will strive doubly hard to redeem myself.”

Slowly the moon rose and majestically ascended the heavens. The stars glittered with dazzling beauty and Wanagitacanku, the Milky Way, made a pathway for the ghosts of departed warriors. The forest breezes stirred the leaves, and the mystic voices of the dusky depths whispered in the darkness.

The heart of the little Indian boy beat high, as with impatient expectation he awaited the coming of the red-winged goose. The minutes dragged

slowly by until it seemed to him that the birds were aware of his presence and would never pass their accustomed place. Presently in the distance a red glow spread over a great white cloud, and in another moment the beat of wings announced the approach of the birds.

Springing to his feet, Little Indian commenced the chase as the goose and her brood flew swiftly by. Through the forest their flight led until they reached the prairie, when in a broad curve they steered straight away for a rough ridge of hills to the westward. Up their ragged, uneven sides the little Indian boy pursued them, ever keeping in sight the white goslings, white as a thistledown in the rays of the full moon. Up and up he climbed until at last the red-winged goose lighted on a pine-tree that stood out solitary, like a

sentinel of the hills. Near her perched the three remaining goslings. Softly creeping towards them, Little Indian carefully fitted an arrow to his bow, and when within range let fly an arrow. Down from its perch fell the nearest gosling and away sailed the goose and her brood.

Clutching his prey tightly in his hand, Little Indian offered up a prayer of gratitude to the Great Spirit.

CHAPTER XVII

ALL BUT ONE GOSLING

A GAIN Little Indian awaited the coming of the red-winged goose. And while he rested quietly, he heard the voices of the forest, and the Great Spirit seemed to be speaking in the evening breeze. "Courage, Little Indian! For when the last gosling is caught, the famine will disappear from the land, and your tribe again be happy and well-nourished." As the words died away, he heard the rush of wings, and in another moment the red-winged goose flew swiftly by, followed by her two remaining goslings.

The trail led presently on the outskirts of the forest through a deep valley, on either side of which rose steep,

wooded slopes. The grass was dry and slippery, and it was difficult for him to keep his footing. At length, just as the valley broadened out to meet the great prairie, the red-winged goose settled on the bank of a small stream that wound its way down from the hillside. Little Indian had barely strength enough to draw his bow, but his aim was true to the mark, and the fifth gosling fell to the ground, while the goose and her one remaining offspring flew away.

As he slowly retraced his steps through the valley, he came upon Tam-doska, the Deer, who had given him the rattle as a token for swiftness.

“How fares it with you, O Little Indian?”

“All goes well,” replied the little Indian lad. “Tonight I must capture the last remaining gosling.”

“Then more than ever you will need

swiftness of foot," answered the Deer. "When the breath in your chest is coming in quick gasps, take the rattle which I gave you, and make it speak to the wind that it hurt not your throat when you are hard-pressed with running." Then the Deer went down the valley, leaving Little Indian to continue his way toward the forest.

He had hardly sat down before the red-winged goose and her one remaining gosling appeared. Swift as an arrow they circled the dead tree, and were off through the forest like a flash of lightning. The little Indian boy was quick to start, however, and with flying feet took up the chase.

Tonight it seemed to him that the birds were as swift as an arrow. It took his utmost strength to keep within sight. Never had he run with such swiftness but gradually, to his dismay,

he saw them vanishing in the distance. Remembering the words of Tamdoska, he loosed the rattle from his belt and shook it as he ran. Renewed vigor seemed to come to him. His heaving chest grew quiet and his feet seemed like wings so swiftly did they speed over the ground. Finally the red-winged goose lighted on a fallen tree to rest her tired wings.

Once more he was about to fit an arrow to his bow, when he heard a voice say, "Lay hold of the gosling with your right hand," and obeying this strange command, he softly grasped the gosling and held it safely to his bosom. The red-winged goose, loath to leave the last of her brood, lighted upon his shoulder.

Swiftly Little Indian returned to his camp. Under his arm he held the red-winged goose and in his left hand the last remaining gosling.

Slowly the mist rose from the valleys, and Tate Wiyohiyanpa, the East Wind, stirred the leaves. And to Little Indian's delight he noticed that for the first time in many months the dew lay on the grass. Soon a gentle rain commenced to fall, and as the breeze crept up the valley, through the forest and out to the great prairie, it turned the leaves from gray to emerald, and the dry grass to silky greenness. And the streams awoke and glided again over their pebbly beds. The rivers flowed from bank to bank, and the parched places and dry hills became verdant. Back to the lakes and the marshes came the wild goose and the heron, and into the whispering forest fluttered the bluebird and the robin, and the swift swallow darted over the prairie white with blossoms.

“Ah, the famine has departed!” cried

Little Indian. "Joyous will I find my people, and the camp will ring with laughter when I show the goose of evil and her brood of snow-white goslings."

He quickened his steps until his feet seemed to fly over the earth, so anxious was he to tell his people of his deed, and how he obeyed the Owl, the Deer, the Bear, and the Great Beaver, white with snows of many winters.

Big Chief listened gravely to his story of how he had been instructed to catch the red-winged goose and her brood. His mother, Blue Water, folded him to her bosom and her eyes sparkled with joy. His old grandmother patted him on the cheek for she knew that the stories of great deeds which she had told him had filled his heart with bravery. For it is the brave heart that gives the body the swiftness of the deer and the courage of the bear.

Little Indian built a large and airy cage for the red-winged goose and her one remaining gosling, for now that she had been caught the spell was removed and the drought had disappeared. No more would she fly across the verdant prairie or through the cool forest to wither with her flaming wings the grasses and the foliage.

The warriors that evening listened to his account of how for six long, weary nights he had pursued the red-winged goose through the forest bramble and thickets, over hill and valley, his moccasins torn and his feet bleeding, until he had captured the last gosling and the red-winged goose.

“He will be a great warrior ere many moons,” said Old Gray Wolf, and Little Indian felt very proud when he heard these words.

CHAPTER XVIII

SEEKING A NEW HOME

BIG CHIEF sat in his tepee smoking his medicine pipe. For several weeks game had been very scarce. The buffaloes had wandered off to other feeding grounds, and it was necessary to follow the herd, for without buffalo meat the tribe would suffer much from hunger. After he had smoked awhile, he carefully placed his medicine pipe against the rear of the tepee, and waited for the women of the camp to spread the news.

“Little Indian,” said the old squaw, “we remain yet another day in camp, for I have seen the medicine pipe of Big Chief at the rear of his tepee.”

Then all the women went out for the daily supply of wood, for they knew by this sign that the camp would not be moved until the following day.

That night the warriors who had gone out before sunrise to locate the nearest herd of buffaloes returned and reported that they had found a suitable spot where there was plenty of fresh water and green grass.

The following morning the medicine pipes were placed on the side of the tepee facing the direction in which they were to set out. Presently the place was all astir, the wigwams were taken down, the blankets and utensils packed and everything made ready for the journey. When Big Chief and all the chiefs had finished smoking, they headed the procession, the warriors and the women and ponies following in line, and after going a short distance, they

halted and looked back to see that everyone had left the camp.

Little Indian was mounted on his favorite mustang. He carried his war shield and club, and over his shoulder hung his bow and quiver of arrows. Very proudly he rode along, his necklace of bear claws glistening in the morning sun.

Blue Water and Little Indian's grandmother both rode a horse, on either side of which were fastened the tepee poles, the lower ends dragging on the ground. Lashed across these poles were the tepee, blankets, and cooking utensils of the camp.

Just as the procession left the forest, Hinakaja, the Owl, called out from the deep shadows, "Good luck be with you, O Little Indian!"

It was the first time in many months that Big Chief had broken camp, and

as Little Indian rode along he leaned over his mustang's head and whispered in his ear, "We will soon join in the buffalo hunt."

Finally the tribe reached the spot that had been marked out for the new camp, and as soon as the medicine pipes were placed on a tripod the warriors sat around and smoked. After that the chiefs made ready for the hunt. When they had gone about half the distance that lay between them and the buffalo herd, the chiefs called the warriors together and told them that they must all start at once so that everyone would have a fair chance.

Now there was a bad Indian lad among them named White Otter, and instead of obeying, he sneaked away and commenced to crawl up toward the buffaloes. "Stop him!" cried Big Chief to Little Indian, but before he

could overtake him, the buffaloes took fright and were off. White Otter's pony was fleet of foot, and, seeing that he was pursued by the son of Big Chief, the young Indian urged his pony on. The tribe remained motionless, watching the race with great interest. The buffalo herd had disappeared down a ravine and only the two Indians on their fleeing ponies stood out against the line where the sky and prairie met in the dim distance.

"Faster! faster!" cried Little Indian, leaning over his pony's head, and the piebald, hearing the command of his master's voice, increased his speed. Slowly Little Indian cut down the distance between him and White Otter until finally he overtook him. At that moment White Otter's pony slipped a forefoot into a prairie dog's hole, send-

ing him and his rider sprawling upon the ground.

In an instant Little Indian was off his mustang, and, leaping upon White Otter, bound his hands together with thongs of leather and led him back to the tribe. There they stripped him of his clothes, broke his bow and arrows, his knife and his saddle. Then they took his pony and sent him off on foot, disgraced before the whole tribe.

“You shall pay for this!” hissed White Otter, turning to Little Indian, but the latter only laughed and said, “I have no fear for you are a sneak, and a sneak is always a coward.”

CHAPTER XIX

LITTLE INDIAN'S FIRST BUFFALO

SOON Big Chief called his warriors together and in a short time resumed the hunt. After going for some distance, they came in sight of the buffaloes that had stopped to graze, but on the approach of the Indians who had crept along a ravine close at hand the cows and calves crowded together, while the bulls trotted up and down, pawing the earth and bellowing furiously. With a wild yell the Indians urged their ponies forward, and the herd, with lowered heads, thundered away in wild retreat.

Little Indian on his piebald was well in front, and his pony being one of the swiftest in the tribe and carrying a

lighter load than the other mustangs, slowly but surely forged ahead and was soon close to the laggards of the buffalo herd.

An old bull, wild-eyed and frothing at the mouth, wheeled about directly in Little Indian's path. Swerving his pony to one side, he planted an arrow through its heart, and, without stopping, swiftly pursued the fleeing herd. In a short time, he found himself in the midst of the bellowing mass, and he soon realized that it would take all his skill to avoid being crushed by the swiftly moving bodies of the frantic animals. His pony was sure-footed and well-built, but should he trip or step into a prairie dog's hole, Little Indian knew that it would mean instant death for them both.

What concerned him most at this point was how to get out of the herd.

It was impossible to stop, for the maddened beasts in the rear would only trample him to death. The buffaloes were crowding closer and closer together, and any instant he might be crushed and trodden under foot. There was but one way: to slowly slacken the speed of his mustang with the hope that the buffaloes would gradually pass him by.

Turning around, he was terrified to see the mass of rocking forms and waving horns behind him. Turning again, he took a desperate chance, and with a well-directed shot laid a bull low just behind his mustang. As the buffalo fell, the herd divided and Little Indian slightly reduced the speed of his piebald. Twice he repeated this, and slowly but surely the herd passed by, until, with a sigh of relief, he found himself out of danger. Only here and there was

a stray buffalo cow with her calf, or an old bull, worn out with the exertions of the stampede.

Little Indian slowly rode back to the buffalo which he had slain at the commencement of the chase. Several of the warriors arrived at the same time, and with their help Little Indian skinned the animal. The buffalo had fallen to his knees, so that it was not difficult to pull out the arrow. Had the animal fallen on the side in which the arrow had penetrated the weapon would have been broken, which would have been a great loss to Little Indian, who, like all the braves, was anxious to keep his weapons.

With strips of rawhide they tied up the meat, and, fastening it to the backbone, which had been stripped clean, they threw it over the pony. On reaching the camp, the women ran out and

bore it away to cook for the evening meal. Little Indian being the only one to procure food that day, all the Indian boys regarded him as a great hunter.

“Come, let us play buffalo hunt,” he cried, and tying a long strip of rawhide to a piece of meat, he drew it swiftly over the ground, while the other boys rushed up and shot arrows into it.

Amid loud shouts, he pawed the dust and bellowed, imitating a buffalo as best he could. Then lifting up the piece of meat, he swung it around his head. By chance, a stray arrow hit him. Falling to the ground, he pretended that he was badly hurt, at the same time groaning loudly.

“Quick, get a medicine man!” One of the boys picked up a bunch of weeds and squeezed the juice over him, imitating a real medicine man curing a wound by his wonderful medicine.

Of course the arrows were small ones, such as they used to shoot squirrels and birds and were not the dangerous weapons of the grown-up men. To have Little Indian play with them was a great honor. They all looked upon him as already a warrior, but, like all well-brought-up Indian boys, Little Indian bore himself with much dignity and was not at all conceited or overbearing because he had done great deeds.

“Little Indian,” cried Hinakaja, the Owl, that night as the little Indian boy lay in his wigwam, “I have followed you. In yonder clump of trees I have made my home, for I would be near him who once saved my life.”

Little Indian opened his eyes sleepily, and said: “My heart is glad that you are near.”

CHAPTER XX

A PROMISE TO LITTLE INDIAN

LITTLE INDIAN did not know how long he had been asleep.

He dimly remembered hearing Hinakaja, the Owl, speak to him in the early part of the night. But now the strange dream from which he had just awakened made his eyes shine with an eager light.

Where was the owner of the voice that had spoken to him? He looked around the tepee. It was empty; only the white light of the moon gleamed on his quiver of arrows. Afar off the weird cry of a coyote broke the stillness of the night.

Little Indian arose and looked out into the darkness. Should he follow the

directions which had been given him in his dream? The voice had told him to go into the forest, where he would find a Man of Wood. With a sudden impulse Little Indian picked up his bow and arrows and silently went forth.

A flutter of wings caught his ear, and in a moment his faithful friend, Hinakaja, settled on his shoulder.

“ 'Tis wise, O Little Indian, to obey the voice of your dream! Fear not for the Forest Folk are your friends,” said the owl.

“Tell me,” said Little Indian, “why I should seek the Man of Wood?”

“Ask me not,” replied the wise bird, “but do as the voice bids you. I will lead you to him; more I cannot do.”

Silently Little Indian followed, and before long they came to a clearing in the woods. A tree which stood almost alone in the open space had a curious

aspect. Little Indian was unconsciously attracted to it. To his amazement on approaching nearer he saw that the trunk was carved in the form of a man. Suddenly it spoke, "O Little Indian, return to your wigwam, and when you awake in the morning you will find a pipe by your side. Light it, and the smoke will turn into pigeons. From the largest pigeon take a white feather. Place it in your hair and it will make you a great warrior."

Little Indian turned and without a word hurried back to his tepee, and throwing himself down on his blanket was soon fast asleep. In the morning he found the pipe at his side. Hastening to find his old grandmother, he related his dream, and asked for tobacco to fill his pipe. And lo! when he lighted it the smoke turned into pigeons. From one of the birds his grandmother

plucked a white feather and placing it in his hair, whispered, "When you are old enough to be a warrior they will call you 'Wearer of the White Feather.' "

Very curious were all the warriors when they beheld the white feather in the hair of Little Indian. And many were the questions which were asked him. But to all he gave no reply except that he had been told in a dream to wear it. The mystery of this added to his fame, and soon he was looked upon as the coming warrior in the tribe.

All this, however, made White Otter, the young Indian brave whom Little Indian had punished on the day of the buffalo hunt, very jealous. Whenever he had the opportunity he played some underhanded trick.

"Follow me, O Little Indian," said Hinakaja one day after Little Indian had spent several weeks hunting for the

arrows which White Otter had stolen.

Through the silent forest, where the wind whispers to the trees, Little Indian followed his feathered friend until they reached a hollow tree.

“Little Indian, stretch your hand through the crevice in the trunk and you will find your lost arrows.”

Little Indian did as he was bid, and brought forth the arrows unharmed.

“I have not forgotten the claws of the cruel hawk. He who saves the life of one of the Forest Folk endears himself to all,” said Hinakaja.

“The Great Spirit is indeed good to me,” replied Little Indian reverently.

CHAPTER XXI

SENT ON A MISSION

THE sun was just appearing above the eastern rim of the great prairie as Little Indian mounted his favorite mustang and rode from the camp. Over his shoulders hung a beautifully tanned robe of black bear and leggins of doeskin encased his strong young limbs. Around his neck shone his highly prized necklace of bear claws.

Little Indian looked very handsome and warlike as he rode away. He did not notice that his mother, Blue Water, was secretly watching him depart, or that his old grandmother stood in the doorway of her wigwam, her right hand

shading her eyes as she gazed after his slowly disappearing figure.

Little Indian thought of nothing but that he was being sent to a neighboring tribe by Big Chief on a mission of great importance. Through the tall prairie grass he guided his faithful steed, and towards noontime came to a swiftly flowing river. It had rained for several days and the water was nearly overflowing the high banks.

After finishing his lunch of dried buffalo meat, his pony having had a good rest, he again mounted and rode up to the water's edge. As he looked at the raging yellow torrent, his heart almost failed him. It seemed as if the waters as they raced by hissed defiance.

Resentment filled his heart and he laughed aloud, saying, "Do you think, O Mighty River, that you will stay the journey of Little Indian, son of Big

Chief, because of your swiftness? No, I will battle with you!" Urging his trembling pony into the stream, he commenced his perilous trip.

But after a few minutes battling with the current, the plucky little mustang was swept swiftly down the stream. Little Indian slid off to relieve the pony of his weight. The waters foamed and hissed about him, filling his eyes and choking up his nostrils. From a distance came the roar of the cataract.

"Help me, O Great Spirit!" he cried, and as if in answer to his prayer the pony touched bottom on a sandy bar that reached into the river and, well-nigh exhausted, succeeded in pulling himself up on the bank. To attempt to journey further that day was out of the question, so Little Indian built a fire and camped for the night.

The following morning he saddled his piebald and again started on his journey. The faithful little mustang was none the worse for its hard struggle in the river, and Little Indian, after a good night's sleep, felt no ill effects from his perilous swim. He looked back at the raging river as he rode away, and raising his tomahawk in the air, uttered a low war cry; for had not the raging river proved as cruel an enemy as any hostile Indian whom he might meet?

At that moment he saw a large eagle circling above him, and he believed it was a good omen. Perhaps he had heard his war cry. All that day he rode without stopping, and toward evening came to the foothills covered with trees and heavy undergrowth. As he came within bowshot, he drew rein and gazed about him. As nothing happened to



The red-winged goose flew by like a flaming torch,
followed by her brood of snow-white goslings.
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arouse his suspicions, he continued toward the wood.

Upon reaching the thicket he found a game trail leading to the wooded slopes. Suddenly he noticed hoofprints and quickly dismounted to examine them. Then he quietly led his pony up the trail, listening for any sound that might come from the quiet depths. Suddenly he heard a pony whinny, and before his piebald could reply he grasped him by the nostrils.

Then, muzzling him with a leather thong, he left the trail and tied him to a tree. Cautiously creeping up the trail, he presently came in sight of a pony. It took him but a moment to loosen the tether and lead him back to his own mustang. Presently he heard a familiar call.

“It must be Hinakaja, the Owl,” thought Little Indian.

Then a flutter of wings broke the stillness and Hinakaja whispered: "Beware, O Little Indian! White Otter lurks within this woods."

Little Indian answered with a low laugh, "Then 'tis his pony I have tethered by mine. I will lead it away. 'Tis a long journey to the camp on foot."

Mounting his piebald, he led the captured pony quietly down the trail and out upon the prairie.

"Make haste," cried Hinakaja, "lest he send a swift arrow after you before you are well on your journey."

CHAPTER XXII

LITTLE INDIAN MEETS AN ENEMY

LITTLE INDIAN followed the friendly owl's advice and rode swiftly across the prairie. In a short while the low foothills were lost in the dusky light and Little Indian felt that he was now safe from any harm that White Otter might wish to do him. The night hush had fallen upon the plain. Little Indian looked up at the sky studded with stars.

"They are the campfires of departed warriors," he said to himself.

The breeze that swept over the prairie grass seemed to bear the voices of the darkness, strange echoes from the Spirit Land. Now and again this was broken by the far-off howl of a

wolf or the weird cry of a coyote. He was alone upon the prairie, and again gazing up at the heavens where the glittering stars made a trail for departed warriors to the Spirit Land, he offered up a prayer to the Great Mystery to help him on his journey and to give him strength to complete his task.

As he was now far enough away from the foothills to avoid being overtaken by the treacherous White Otter, he decided to camp for the night. A little wooded elevation caught his eye and thither he turned his pony's head. He found to his delight that a small spring lay at the foot of the little wooded knoll. Tethering his ponies in the sweet, fresh grass, he ate some dried buffalo meat, and rolling himself up in his blanket went to sleep.

Suddenly he was awakened by the neighing of the captured pony. Little

Indian jumped to his feet and hastened to where it was tethered. He arrived just in time to see an Indian vault on its back. Before the stranger could capture the piebald, Little Indian seized him by the mane, mounted him, and the stranger seeing that he was discovered made off into the darkness. Little Indian followed at a furious gallop. He felt it must be White Otter, who had undoubtedly followed the trail all night and had come upon him just in time before the morning broke.

To be outwitted by this sneak of an Indian was too much for Little Indian, and he gritted his teeth and urged the piebald forward. It was fortunate for him that the day was just dawning, for otherwise White Otter might have succeeded in escaping in the darkness. Slowly the piebald gained, and in a short time was nearly up to the enemy.

At this point the latter turned and let fly an arrow. It just missed Little Indian, who, drawing his bow-string, sent an arrow straight to the mark. If the fleeing pony had not swerved the shot would have proved fatal. As it was, it pierced the right arm of White Otter. In another moment Little Indian was alongside, and after a desperate hand-to-hand encounter dragged him from his pony.

White Otter turned his eyes on Little Indian with a look of hatred. "Twice have you made me captive. Slay me or the next time you may find me victor."

Little Indian made no reply. Binding the thongs yet tighter about his captive he led him back to the camp.

It was now early morning, and Anpetuwi, the Great Sun, was thrusting

his fingers into the dark places, making everything light.

After White Otter was securely bound to a tree, Little Indian cooked his morning meal, after which he sat long by the smouldering ashes of his campfire pondering what to do with his captive. At length he decided. Going over to where White Otter stood, sullen and silent, he said:

“You have long been my enemy, although you belong to my tribe. Yet I will spare you. I will give you meat and corn to last you till you return to the camp of my father.” Then bringing up his pony, Little Indian forced White Otter to mount. “No weapon will I give you, traitor,” he said in a low voice; “but enough to eat for the journey. Go! and remember Little Indian is too proud to slay a captive.”

With a look of hatred White Otter rode away across the prairie until he was lost to sight.

“He can do me no harm now,” muttered Little Indian, “for I have his weapons. He must return to the tribe like a squaw!”

Then mounting his piebald, Little Indian continued his journey. Late in the afternoon he smelt smoke upon the breeze. This told him he must be near the camp of the tribe to whom his father, Big Chief, had sent him with the message. Changing his course in the direction from which the wind blew, he rode on for several miles and at last saw in the distance the tepees and fires of a large camp. At the same time several warriors rode out to greet him. He recognized them at once as the friends of his father whom he had seen some years before, and as soon as he was

ushered into the circle of chiefs who were sitting about the fire, he made known his errand and delivered his father's message.

After he had spoken, there was a long silence. Then Three Feathers, chief of the tribe, arose.

“What you say is good, O Little Indian, and my heart goes out to you. We will visit your father and join him in the hunt for buffalo for we have suffered much from hunger.”

Then Little Indian stood up and said: “My heart is glad that you will come to our camp and join our tribe in hunting the buffalo, for the plain near which we are camped is covered with them. We will kill many and be glad!”

Then Three Feathers again arose, and said:

“We have no meat with us, O Little Indian, and we are sorely famished.

Did you see no game on your journey?"

"None, O my friend," replied Little Indian, "but keep a brave heart. The Great Spirit may send us food before tomorrow's journey."

CHAPTER XXIII

LITTLE INDIAN AND THE SMALL DOG

LITTLE Indian's heart was sad to think that Three Feathers and his tribe were so famished, and when he lay down to sleep he made up his mind that the next morning he would find some game. Otherwise how would they be able to endure a long journey? For even an Indian cannot fight hunger without food, although he may battle with an enemy without a weapon.

Toward morning he was awakened by a low whine. A small dog stood close at his side, licking his hand. Little Indian was about to send it away when the dog spoke in a low voice:

“O Little Indian, your friend, Sun-ka, the Dog, has sent me to you. And he bids you to follow me into the woods near this camp.”

Little Indian arose and, picking up his bow and arrow, silently followed the Small Dog. The camp was very quiet. The Indians were asleep; some nearly perishing with hunger, others unconscious, sleeping their last sleep before taking the Spirit Trail of departed warriors.

On reaching the wood, the Small Dog turned to Little Indian and said:

“Put some red paint on my face and paws so that I may look like a fox.”

Little Indian took vermilion which he had with him for war paint and smeared it on the Small Dog so that he appeared very much like a fox.

“It is hard to tell whether you are a dog or a fox,” said Little Indian, “for

had I not at first seen you as a dog I would certainly call you a fox.”

But the Small Dog only said: “Stay here, with your bow-string drawn, ready to let fly an arrow.”

Nor did Little Indian have long to wait. A number of grouse came by, and he shot them all. And strange to relate, as soon as his arrow touched one it bounded off and hit another, and then another, until it was impossible to count the birds that lay upon the ground.

Then the Small Dog that looked so like a fox came up. In his mouth he carried a large grouse. Laying it down at the feet of Little Indian, he said:

“Carry this back to the camp and tell your friends to come here and bring home the birds which you have shot. But keep the bird which I give you for your own meal.”

Little Indian lifted up the big grouse and carried it back to the camp. And when he had told the Indians that he had shot many birds and for them to go and bring them to the camp there was much rejoicing. Very soon the grouse were roasting over the fires and the famished Indians were no longer despondent. They looked upon Little Indian as having great power. "Medicine Man!" they whispered among themselves. Little Indian sat apart in front of his tepee and cooked the grouse which the Small Dog had given him, saying nothing, for as yet he knew not what the Small Dog had in store for him to do.

Scarcely had he finished eating when he heard a low whine close at hand. There stood the Small Dog who had helped him kill the grouse.

“Come with me, O Little Indian,” he whispered.

When they had again entered the woods the Small Dog stopped before a large tree in which there was a hole about half way up the trunk.

“Here comes Tuhmaja, the Honey Bee,” said Small Dog. “Say nothing, for I would speak to him first.”

“Good morning!” cried the Small Dog.

Tuhmaja, the Honey Bee, paused in his flight.

“What would you have?” he asked in a loud buzz-z.

“Some of your honey,” replied the Small Dog.

Tuhmaja said nothing, but buzzed away. He was about to enter the hole in the tree when the Small Dog again addressed him:

“My good friend Little Indian would have honey to feed the starving Indians who are camped close by.”

Tuhmaja winged his way over to where Little Indian stood. Alighting on his shoulder, he asked: “Are they good friends of yours?”

“They are friends of my father, Big Chief,” replied Little Indian simply.

Tuhmaja called to a number of bees that came flying toward the great hollow tree. “Brothers, Little Indian would have a part of our honey to feed his hungry friends.”

Several more bees approached at that moment. Others followed until nearly the whole swarm was present.

The Small Dog sat down close to the feet of Little Indian.

“Brothers,” repeated Tuhmaja, the Honey Bee, “Little Indian would have honey to feed his starving friends. He

is a good Indian and kills only that which is necessary for food. He offers up a prayer to the spirit of the Deer which he has slain. Also to the spirit of the Buffalo, and of all animals which he slays for food. Shall we not give him honey from our bountiful store?"

"Yes, surely," replied all the bees with a great hum.

Then Tuhmaja showed Little Indian how to take out the honey from the hollow in the tree. "Take it with you, O Little Indian," cried Tuhmaja, "and when you have shown it to your red-skinned brothers, tell them to come hither that I may lead them to other places where there are hidden stores of honey."

The heart of Little Indian was glad, and with eager steps he hastened to the camp. Three Feathers called the chiefs together and told them what Little In-

dian had done. And many of the tribe set out, being led by the friendly bees, and returned with much honey, so that there was a plentiful supply on hand in a short time.

Little Indian's fame spread through the camp; they called him "Little Medicine Man." But he said nothing; only sat before his tepee and waited for the Small Dog to tell him what next to do.

In the sequel to this story, entitled "WHITE FEATHER," the further adventures of Little Indian will be related.

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